

# Star Fox: The Omega Chronicles Book 2: Conception

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Summary: The second war for Lylat is over and the Lylat system is rebuilding, but when Fox sees someone in a crowd that he thought was dead...everything changes.

## 1. Alliances and Sunglasses

**\*\*I'm baaaaaack!\*\***

"Fox, get up...Fox!" Fox scrunched his nose up, trying to wave off the person that was pushing him to try to rouse him from his sleep. He could see blurry images with his eyes closed, focusing every now and then to allow him a peek at the blue vixen standing across from him. It went blurry again and he finally gave up, opening his eyes.

"Alright, alright. I'm up. Happy now?" He sat up, looking at where the pushes had come from. Krystal stood there, wearing a blue dress.

"Come on, Fox. We have to go. The peace ceremony is being held today and we need to be there. Get up and get dressed!" The sapphire vixen huffed and left the room, both to give him privacy and to finish her own appearance.

Fox groaned loudly and rolled out of bed. "Ughh...I hate ceremonies..." He looked in his closet and grabbed his uniform. The navy blue really looked odd with his fur. He set it on his bed and went to get a shower.

He only stayed in for about 10 minutes, quickly trying to get ready so Krystal wouldn't come in and yell at him again.

As he dried off and started putting everything on, he looked over to his night stand. He saw the picture he had put there. In the picture, three brown foxes smiled back at him. One of them looked like Fox,

but much younger. The two others looked about his age though. One of the foxes, a female, stood holding her son, smiling happily as her kit tried to pull her hair. The other adult, a male this time, grinned as the scene played out next to him. He had the same stripe on his head that Fox had, but it was grayer, and his brown fur was darker. Fox couldn't tell what his eyes were saying, as they were covered by a pair of sunglasses.

Fox continued to stare at the only real thing he had left of his parents. The picture had been taken the day before his mother's accident.

He tore his gaze away from the picture and finished putting everything on his uniform, finishing the knot in his tie right as the doorknob turned and Krystal stepped into the room. "Ready yet? There's a car outside waiting for us. Falco, Slippy, and Peppy are already outside waiting. Come on!"

The vixen grabbed Fox's hand, pulling him out of his room, down the stairs, out the front door, and into the waiting car. It was a black limousine. He could see Falco's arrogant smirk from within as he saw his team leader get pulled around like a doll, and by a woman no less. Fox shot him a sour glare as Krystal shoved him inside.

As soon as they were all ready, Fox felt the subtle tug of acceleration as the car set off to the capital, Corneria City.

The limo ride was rather quick. Fox began seeing people standing on the sides of the road, waving and yelling. Fox couldn't help but smile, seeing all these happy people. They had their planet back.

The throngs of people only grew larger and more tightly packed as they neared the city center. There was a large stage with a podium on it. Fox had only ever seen it before during elections. The limo pulled towards it and stopped near a set of steps. The driver hurried around and opened the door closest to the stage, allowing Fox and his friends out.

The driver leaned closer to him. "Colonel McCloud, I was told to tell you to go around the stage towards the capital building behind it and head inside to get further orders...good luck sir."

Fox nodded. "Thank you" he turned to the rest of the people that got out. "You guys, we're going to the capital building" He started walking towards the big steel building that towered over the city.

It took only a few minutes to get inside and go to the Commander-in-Chief's office. There, they saw General Pepper, Colonel Damon Ballard, and Wolf O'Donnell. He saw a flash on Damon's collar. There were 3 stars on it. The Colonel had been promoted to a General then.

Fox flashed a smile at Damon. "Didn't you once tell me that you didn't want a desk job?" Damon rolled his eyes, shooting him a sour look.

Damon stood when his daughter entered the room. The black vulpine hugged his daughter, smiling. Fox saw movement out of the corner of

his eye.

A tall green figure stepped out of the shadows. Fox looked for a face...but all he got was a cold, golden visor staring back at him. He heard a hiss as the helmet unsealed from the armor, a pale white face emerging.

John, Spartan 117, smiled at the Cornerian Colonel. "You look like you were forced out of bed this morning, Fox."

The vulpine gave him a sour look. "Maybe I was, maybe I wasn't"

The Spartan held out his hand and Fox took it. They shook hands before they all sat down at the circular table in the middle of the room. General Pepper pressed a few buttons and a holographic planet began to float above the table from a projector in the center. "It's been a month since the Serpentis military was kicked off of the planet and out of the system. Some of them continued to fight, and were killed, but the vast majority surrendered. Those that wanted to were given the option to become Lylatian citizens. Now, on to present matters."

The planet started to turn red in many areas, as if it had been stabbed and was bleeding. "These are the areas where major destruction was caused over the year of occupation and the ensuing Battle for Corneria." The red spots began to diminish, leaving a few scattered spots around the globe. "Over the past month, The Lylatian, Human, and Sangheilli forces provided relief for civilians and began to rebuild. We expect reconstruction to be complete in 2 weeks. Of course, the rest of the planets in the system also need relief, but our primary concern is Corneria."

Damon stood up. "We have also scheduled a type of ceremony, where the Halcyon treaty forces will become permanent allies. The stage outside will be where the treaty is signed. Major personell that will be there will be the Sangheilli Arbiter and their leader Rtas 'Vadum, The humans will have Spartan 117, Cortana, and Fleet Admiral Terrence Hood, and the Lylatian personell will be Myself, General Pepper, Colonel Mccloud, and Major O'donnell. Speaking of which, the Major has recently disbanded Star Wolf and joined the Cornerian military, just as Colonel Mccloud has done. Leon Powalski, a former member, has decided to continue leadership of Star Wolf. However, he has decided to perform any illegal activities out of the Lylat system. Sargasso Space Station has been moved to orbiting Corneria, providing a suitable defense station for the Beltino Orbital Gate."

General Pepper nodded and stood as well. "Now that all of this is out of the way, we need to go down to the stage. People are waiting."

â€¦

Fox looked out upon all of the Human, Sangheilli, and Lylatian faces. Human soldiers were arm in arm with the other two races, all of them cheering as General Pepper, Admiral Hood, and Rtas 'Vadum stood behind three podiums.

General Pepper began the process, quieting the crowd by clearing his throat. "Today is a new day, a marking point in the history of our three peoples. This moment will join us all under one alliance."

During the Second Lylat Wars, a hastily assigned alliance was proposed, but today, it will be cemented in stone. The document will be signed by the leaders, the high field commanders, and the most notable members of the war. General Pepper provided three tablets, one on each podium. Cortana and Spartan 117 joined Admiral Hood, Fox and Damon joined General Pepper, and The Arbiter joined Rtas 'Vadum.

The three copies were all signed before they were sent to a palm reader and joined together under one document. The crowd cheered as the three races shook hands and General Pepper announced that each person would give a speech.

Generals Pepper and Ballard gave their respective speeches before Fox was sent up to the podium. He felt hundreds of thousands of eyes on him before he saw the cameras. After the little drones were spotted, he knew that billions, if not trillions, were watching his every move.

He closed his eyes to gather his thoughts for a moment. Once he had a base, he began his speech. "A month ago today, the second war for Lylat came to an end. They took a higher toll on our system than any before. The first war...we thought it was bad, but we weren't pushed off our planet then. We kept all of them under our control, despite the enemy being on the ground. But this...this one almost made us leave the Lylat system...and it would have been true had we not joined the humans and Sangheilli. I've never been good at this type of thing, so I'll make this short. I know now that I have allies around the galaxy, and I'm proud to say that I would fight and die for any Human or Sangheilli soldier just as readily as I would any of my own closest friends. This concludes my speech."

Fox looked at the crowd again as the cheers started back up. Something caught his eye, however. He saw a brown vulpine standing in the crowd. He looked almost exactly like Fox, save for a darker fur color and the stripe on his head being a dark gray color. He couldn't see the vulpine's eyes, they were hidden behind a pair of jet black sunglasses.

Fox's eyes widened. "...Dad?"

**\*\*OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH SUSPENSE. Who is ready to see who this mysterious vulpine that looks like Fox's father? Find out next chapter! - Great Fox MK3\*\***

## 2. Sleepless nights

**\*\*Enjoy your cliffhanger everybody? I thought so~\*\***

"Dad...?" Fox's eyes were glued to the aged vulpine with sunglasses. Fox saw him cut a grin as somebody passed in front of him. In the instant that Fox lost sight of him, the vulpine disappeared. >Fox's mouth hung open slightly, and all eyes were on him. Everything was quiet and Damon moved forward, tapping Fox on the shoulder to get him out of his stupor.<p>

"Fox, go sit down, I'll take it from here." The black vulpine pointed Fox to his seat, sending him to it as he stood at the podium in the Colonel's place. "This ceremony has been concluded...thank you"

With that, the vulpine turned as the rest of the people on the stage stood and exited to the left, heading back to the capital building. Damon caught up with Fox.

"Colonel, what happened back there? You froze up and said 'dad'...are you alright?"

Fox shook his head. "No...I saw my father. He was in the crowd. Somebody passed in front of him and when I could see the same spot again...he was gone. I've been seeing signs of him since the first Lylat Wars. When I destroyed Andross's base, he self destructed and tried to bring me down with him. I thought I was dead, but before I was engulfed in fire, I heard him say my name. When I could see again, his Arwing was in front of mine, leading me through the tunnels."

The rest of the group had paused to listen as Fox continued. "When we left the base, he said one last thing to me. He said the words 'You've become so strong, Fox'...and then disappeared. I saw him again...well, not saw, but got a message from him. When I was on Sauria, I put a token in a well and received the message from him. I don't know whether he's alive and hiding, or dead and I'm hallucinating."

Damon raised an eyebrow. "Really? He's supposed to be dead...but you've seen him on Venom, Sauria, and in the crowd today?"

Fox nodded. "Peppy's the only person that has any real idea of what happened to him, and even he thinks dad is dead. I don't know what to think about it anymore...but I can always look at the bright side and think he's still alive. Krystal thought her parents were dead, but it turns out they were both here...and one of them is here now. I'll just tell myself he's alive until I find any evidence pointing that he isn't with us anymore."

Damon clapped a hand on the younger vulpine's shoulder. "Good. Now, go back home. Think all of this over. Also, meet me back here in a few hours. I need to get some things sorted out, so I'm counting on you."

Fox snapped off a short salute, which the General returned. "Yes sir, I'll see you then." Fox turned to Krystal and held out his hand. The vixen took it and the two left the capital building hand in hand.

\_\*\*(Transition)\*\*\_

A figure stood in the crowd that was rapidly beginning to diminish. "He's grown so strong in these past few years...I only regret that I've never been able to show myself..." The vulpine was speaking more to himself than anyone else. Nobody noticed the tear that began to drop from behind the black aviators, falling to the ground and evaporating on the hot surface. He looked up once more and smiled softly as he saw Fox and Krystal leaving the building with their hands clasped together. A smile began to materialize on the old vulpine's face before he disappeared from sight.

\_\*\*(Transition)\*\*\_

Wolf paced the floor of the air force base's largest hospital. He had been waiting for 13 hours, awaiting the moment his super sensitive ears would hear the high pitched wail of a newborn wolf cub.

He groaned softly and sat in one of the seats, rubbing his eye and trying not to fall asleep.

He looked at his watch, the bright teal holographic numbers morphing into a bright 3:27. He took a deep breath and tried to relax. He hadn't left this room in the past 13 hours for anything, not wanting to miss this moment.

He heard a door opened and looked to the source. A Cornerian soldier nodded to the Wolf and sat in a seat across from him.

Wolf stared for a few moments, noticing the hound looked a bit young. "Aren't you a bit young to be in a maternity ward?"

The dog shrugged sheepishly. "I guess you could say I am...I mean, I'm 21, but...I guess that's still young." The dog looked at the floor.

Wolf waved a hand dismissively. "Calm down, we're both in here for the same reason. What's your name?"

The dog looked up at the former mercenary leader. "I'm Bryce...Bryce Pendle."

Wolf stuck his paw out. "Wolf O'Donnell." The hound took Wolf's hand, shaking it. "Piece of advice, kid...get a friend to bring you a book or something. You've got a long wait ahead of you...but whatever you do...don't leave before that kid of yours is born."

Bryce nodded. "Yes sir...Thank you, sir" Wolf waved his hand again, dismissing the words.

"Don't worry about it..." Wolf looked over again as he heard another door, this time on the opposite side of the room from where Bryce had entered. A doctor, a lioness, smiled at Wolf.

"Major O'Donnell? Your time is ready" Wolf sighed loudly and he heaved himself up from his seat, beginning to follow the retreating lioness.

"Sir!" Wolf stopped as Bryce stood and called to him. The lupine turned slightly, showing he was listening. "...good luck sir"

The lupine smiled and turned to the dog. "You too, kid" He grinned as the doors swung closed and he hurried to catch the lioness and see his child.

\_\*\*(Transition)\*\*\_

Fox groaned quietly and sat up, swinging his legs off of his bed and rubbing his eyes. He looked at his clock, the blood red numbers the only source of light in the room save for the small strands of light getting through the window and curtains across the room.

It was 3:27 in the morning, and he felt he wouldn't be sleeping

anymore. He tried to get up as quietly as he could, not wanting to disturb the sapphire vixen in the bed a few inches behind him.

Sighing and reaching down for a shirt that he had left on the floor, he slipped it on and stood, padding to the bedroom door and walking into the hallway, almost gliding down the stairs to the living room.

He sat on the large couch and turned on the tv, pressing down the volume button and holding it until the plasma screen showed a visual.

Once he knew he had control of it, he slowly brought the volume up to where he could hear and began flipping through the channels.

Something caught his eye. It was a replay of the treaty signing. He saw the others get up and do what they had done before he saw himself walk to the podium and begin his short speech. He began searching the crowd as the speech began, but he didn't see any sign of the vulpine from before.

"Where are you dad..." he whispered to himself before shutting the tv down again and walking onto the back porch, taking a seat in one of the chairs and staring up at the sky, twinkling stars filling his vision.

What he didn't see, however, was the single star that twinkled and shone brighter than all the others.

**\*\*Hey guys, sorry for taking so long, but hey, writers block yo. Anyway, if you've completed \*\*\*\*Star Fox 64 on either expert or normal, and went through the true ending, You'll know exactly what that star means if you caught the twinkling star off the dorsal fin of the Great Fox right before the credits roll. Whoever points out this little easter egg properly will get brownie points! - Great Fox MK3\*\***

### 3. Shadows

**\*\*Hope you guys enjoyed the last chapter, because here's the next one. \*\***

Fox felt a cold breeze blowing in. He looked higher into the night sky and saw the small, clay colored world of Katina. Corneria didn't have a moon, but the other planet made up for it.

Fox wondered whether the visions he had been seeing were real or not. He felt like standing and going back inside, but before he summoned the urge to stand, he felt a warm paw touch his shoulder.

Turning to see who was there, he saw Krystal. The blue vixen looked a bit concerned. "What's the matter, Fox?" she asked. Fox knew that she could just peer into his mind with ease and find out on her own, but she didn't, and he appreciated the fact that she didn't.

"It's nothing, I just can't stop thinking about my father is all. I've thought he was dead all these years, and for him to show up now?

It's hard to believe I'll be able to adjust to something like that after learning to live without him or mom."

Krystal frowned a bit. "I'm sorry, Fox...but you managed to adjust to being without them. It won't be easy, but you'll be able to adapt to having him back. Trust me. You've led your team through two wars and saved a planet almost single-handedly."

The blue vixen leaned down a bit, wrapping her arms around the vulpine's neck, hugging him tightly before straightening back up. "Now come on. You'll catch a cold out here." She grabbed Fox's paw, pulling him to his feet.

Fox nodded. "You're right Krystal...thanks." He was led back into the house with Krystal, shutting the sliding glass door behind him quietly as the vixen walked back to Fox's room, the one that they had begun to share since returning to the planet after the war.

As the two returned to their shared bed, Fox slipped back under the blankets and slid closer to Krystal, hugging her. The two smiled at each other, giving the other one more kiss before the couple drifted off to sleep

\_(\*\*(Transition)\*\*)\_

Wolf hefted the tiny pup. It gurgled at it's father. The pup looked almost exactly like Wolf, but in places where wolf's fur was white, the pup's fur was gray, and where wolf's fur was gray, the pup was white. It was almost a mirror image of it's father.

The new father grinned at his daughter and then at his fiancée. He had proposed a month before. The husky grinned back. "The doctor said it was a girl."

Wolf sat next to Olivia. "What are we gonna name her?" he asked, an eyebrow raised.

The husky thought for a moment. "How about...Amber?"

Wolf looked at his daughter, who was trying her hardest to squeeze the life out of her father's pointer finger, her tiny grip holding it in a vice grip

"Amber O'Donnell...I like it" Wolf smiled and looked at his daughter, who had ceased strangling his finger just long enough to squeal at him.

"This is gonna be fun" Wolf said. Olivia sat up and looked out the hospital window as the first rays of sunlight leaked over the horizon.

\_(\*\*(Transition)\*\*)\_

John looked at his sleeping companion before returning to looking at the floor of the bedroom. Cortana was back to her old self again. He had thought he was going to lose her forever after she descended into rampancy on the rear half of the Forward Unto Dawn. He had fought tooth and nail to rescue her from the former covenant super city, High Charity, going through hundreds, if not thousands of forms of the parasitic life form known as the flood.



Cortana was all he had left. His Spartan brothers and sisters were all dead and he hadn't seen or heard from Dr Halsey in years. John had went through too much loss for one person. Accepting losses was expected in his profession, but how much loss could one man struggle to live through? The Spartan was sure that if he had lost Cortana as well, he would have lost control of himself.

The woman stirred and rolled over, her bright blue eyes staring at John's back as he hunched over on the side of the bed, thinking. She started to move her hand, but she heard him taking deep breaths, almost as if he was trying to keep from crying. Surely he wasn't on the verge of tears. This was the man that had been through years of things that would make any normal human crack and go insane, but the Spartan had managed after this long, so why would this be happening now?

She heard his breathing start to get regular again, and decided it was time. She put her hand on his shoulder. John was trembling very slightly, but just enough to be noticeable. The woman spun him around by pulling his shoulder around gently and pulled him down, hugging his head closer to her chest, cradling him as his trembling began to subside.

The Spartan looked up at her, his eyes piercing hers.  
"Cortana...I..."

Cortana put a finger to his mouth. "Shh...don't say anything. I understand..." Cortana knew she would never understand his pain, but she understood that he was trying to uphold an image of manliness and steel in front of her, but she didn't care about that. If her lover was crying, she was going to keep him calm at all costs.  
"John..."

The Spartan let his head get pulled closer before he was curled up into a ball in Cortana's embrace. He could feel her hand slowly going back and forth across his head, his eyes slowly closing as he fell asleep.

Cortana continued to pet his head long after she knew the soldier had fallen asleep. She felt his breathing steady as she began to fall asleep as well, closing her eyes and dozing off with the Spartan still cradled against her.

\_\*\*(Transition)\*\*\_

Fox felt something tickling his ear. Not wanting to open his eyes and see the inevitable light leaking into the room, he tried to roll over, pulling the blankets over his head.

"Get up sleepyhead!" he heard Krystal almost yell. She sighed in frustration when he hid under his pillow. Knowing it was futile to continue, she just pushed him out of bed, hearing a satisfying thump as he hit the floor.

"Ow...Krystal!" the vulpine sat up, rubbing his head as he got an eye-full of Krystal's smirking face.

"I told you to get up and you didn't, so I used my own methods" she said, her smirk growing with time.

Fox groaned, rolling his eyes as he stood and rolled his neck and shoulders, resulting in numerous pops and a satisfied sigh.

Krystal narrowed her eyes as her lover yawned and looked around the room. The vulpine looked at the clock on his nightstand. The bright red numbers projected a bulky 9:47 for his eyes to look over.

Fox looked at the blue vixen. "A bit early for a Saturday, don't you think?"

Krystal grinned. "Nope, not at all." Her bubbly, accent tinged voice drifted out, a smile joining it as Fox once again rolled his eyes.

"Anyway, I'm gonna make breakfast, who else is up?" Fox asked.

Krystal gave him a grin. "Everybody's up...but they're all gone."

\_(\*\*(Transition)\*\*)\_

James removed his sunglasses. The street view that had been a bit dulled from the polarized glasses was now hitting the aging vulpine full force. He blinked his eyes to clear a bit of the blurriness that had overcome his vision.

As soon as he was able to clear his vision, he analyzed the tablet he was holding in his right paw. A message icon was in the top right corner. He checked it regularly to keep an eye on any jobs he could take. It was how he made the money to stay alive. He was a bounty hunter.

Tapping finger to the little icon, it opened, but this time, it was an address he knew. "Fox?" The aging vulpine was shocked that his son had been able to find his messenger. James looked at the screen, attempting to make out the words. "Alive? Dead? What are you? I saw you in the crowd at the ceremony. I don't know if it was a hallucination or not, but if anything, this message is to try to make myself believe that you're still alive. It's been over 10 years. This was the last address I could find that belonged to you. Meet me at the following address...that is, if this even gets through to you...dad"

An attachment lay at the bottom of the tiny screen, entitled "map". James opened the attachment, looked it over, and saved it to a file in the tablet before putting it back in the pocket of his pants.

Sighing, he put the sunglasses back on his head. The darkness that he was so used to covering his eyes was back in place, and he settled back into it's familiar cover.

He stepped back out into the bright sunlight, leaving the shady back alley behind as he made his way to his destination. James knew that today would be the day...the day where he made up years of lost time to someone he had been dead to for so many years.

\*\* Alright, sorry for the delay, but I had some stuff to do. Happy to

see a few new reviews. However, I'll try to update again soon. So, until next time â€" Great Fox MK3\*\*

#### 4. Morning glow, Reunion below

\*\*So, sorry for the long absence guys. I said I'd continue when I got back from JCLC, but while I was gone, I forgot about this, and then I come back and just kind of...lost interest in it. I've been creative recently, so it's time to start this back up. I also lost all of my original files and the character sheet, so...yeah \_ Either way, let's get to it, shall we?\*\*

Fox sat on the wing of his Arwing, the sun beating down on the blue and white craft, as well as the vulpine lounging about on it.

He checked his watch one more time. "2:12" He said aloud, sighing a few seconds later. "I'll wait until 3:00...if he doesn't show by then, I'm dropping this." He said once more aloud, speaking to nobody but himself.

He heard a faint roar that grew louder by the second. Looking up and placing a hand above his eyes to shield them from the sun and allow him to look further into the distance, he saw a small black dot that grew increasingly larger every second, just as the roar it was making.

As the dot grew closer, it grew wings and what looked to be fins. Waiting a bit longer, Fox realized it was an Arwing. However, it was a much older model. The same one from the first Lylat Wars. Only a few people had access to them. The ones who did were the Star Fox teams, both first and second generation. However, these days, only Peppy flew one.

Fox thought for a moment. "Peppy?...wait...Peppy's on the base all day today, and I never told him where I would be. He wouldn't be coming all the way out here for no reason..." He continued to watch the Arwing, which was beginning to slow down and go into a holding pattern, the thrusters in the belly activating to lower it to the ground softly.

The cockpit came into view, but the glass was tinted on the outside, forbidding him from looking inside.

As the older model Arwing touched down, Fox hopped off of his own Arwing, landing softly on the hard ground below. He walked over to the other Arwing, one hand on his blaster just in case things went south and this wasn't who he thought it was. The cockpit, however, remained closed.

Fox waited a few moments, still trying to see inside. He was really wishing Krystal was here right now to tell him who was behind this polarized canopy.

His ear twitched as he heard the hissing noise of the canopy unsealing, slowly opening up to reveal the pilot within.

\_\*\*(Transition)\*\*\_

Wolf sat up in his bed. Looking to his left, he saw the numbers on his clock. "4:30". The numbers just sat there, their dull red glow illuminating his face ever so slightly. He had come home from the hospital the day before at around noon at Olivia's command and fallen asleep after prowling their shared house restlessly, sleeping for around 12 or so hours. She would have to stay there an extra day or two to finish everything and to make sure Amber had no problems.

He sighed and swung his legs out of bed, sitting up and rubbing his eyes, giving one large yawn. He stood up, turning a lamp on and stretching. Going to the window, he pulled the curtain back a bit, the lights of Corneria city shining a few miles away, with hundreds of smaller lights going here and there. Traffic was heavy 24/7 in the capital city.

He yawned once more and let the curtain fall back into place. Going to the bathroom, he turned the bathroom light on as well and finally got a look at himself.

His eye sensor was the same dark blue as always. He had done away with the black eye patch months before, finally deciding to get a sensor that would let him regain his vision. He didn't like it, but it was what kept him at the top of his game. His fur was matted and tangled, making him scowl at the reflection.

Going back into the bedroom, he went to the closet, reaching in and grabbing some clothes at random. Laying them on his bed, he went back into the bathroom and turned the water on. He waited for it to heat up before he got in.

Standing under the water, he stared at the floor of the shower, letting the hot water loosen him up. He heard the words going through in his head over and over. Father...father...father...He was a father now. It was hard to believe, but it was true. He had always told himself he'd never have a child, but what had happened? He had conceived a daughter that was most likely sleeping at the moment now with her mother.

Wolf shook himself out of his thoughts and reached for a bottle housed in a small crevice in the wall, along with the other shower essentials that Olivia had placed in there for the couple. Squirting some on his fur, he began to lather it in, spending a good five or so minutes before, satisfied, he stood back under the cascading water that fell from the stainless steel shower head.

As he finished, he turned the water off, stepping out and grabbing one of the towels out from beneath the bathroom sink. Beginning to dry off, he spotted a brush on the counter. It was what he would reach for next, to untangle the gray fur that coated him.

He dropped the towel in a hamper and grabbed the brush, dragging it through his fur slowly, to avoid tugging it all out. He went over his head numerous times. His fur was matted on his torso, but it could be ignored, as nobody would see it.

Finally, satisfied with his appearance, he went back into the adjacent bedroom, finally taking a look at the clothes he had grabbed at random. A black T-shirt that was a size larger than what he was used to, a pair of jeans that fit just right, and the boots that he had kept from the first Lylat Wars.

Looking in the mirror once more to make sure he didn't look like an idiot, he nodded a bit, looking at his clock from the bathroom. 5:30. Looking out the window once more, a dull orange glow had begun to come over the horizon.

He rolled his shoulders and grabbed his wallet, his keys, and a card he had bought in the hospital gift shop before he left to come home.

Going out and locking the door behind him, he turned around to look at the sky once more. Was he ever going to return to it and live the life he had before, or was he going to stay on the ground and leave the skies to a new generation? Only time would tell. Wolf got into his car and cranked it up, the engine roaring to life before falling into an idle purr. Putting the small car in gear, he let it roll back into the street before putting it in drive and going back to the hospital.

As Wolf's car rumbled down the road, slowly merging with more and more traffic, he began to think more and more about what directions his life was going. No matter what happened though, his daughter was at the top of his priorities at the moment.

\_(\*\*(Transition)\*\*)\_

John looked at the window. The curtains had been pulled aside just a bit to where he could see the early morning sky. The dull orange glow told him it was around 5 or 6 AM. Standing up, he turned to look at the other occupant of the bed.

Cortana lay there, asleep. He could see the blanket covering her rise and fall as she lay dreaming. John let a faint smile come to his face before he left the room.

Since the war had ended, John and Cortana had taken up residence at a house not far from where the Star Fox team had been staying, just about a quarter mile. John could run there and back in around five minutes or so if he really pushed himself in his armor.

He stopped in front of a heavy steel locker. A keypad was on the side of the door. Punching in a few numbers, the door hissed and depressurized, swinging open slowly.

John looked inside at the new set of armor that had replaced the fried, battle scarred MJOLNIR Armor system.

The EXCALIBUR Armor system, The armor was the same height as the MJOLNIR Armor, albeit even more advanced, even following the MJOLNIR blueprints for the most part.

It had been developed during the Second Lylat Wars, the first prototype being used by John to test it, as he was the only person that could use it without being killed by the armor's design. He noticed many new things about it.

The Excalibur had an improved shield system and the armor was made of reinforced titanium plates, with a ballistic gel layer underneath. Temperature regulating systems were standard. The shielding could take almost three times as much punishment before the user would need

to take cover to recharge them.

The helmet had kept the same MJOLNIR MKVI design, and the familiar golden visor stared back at him. The color scheme had went from being a pale, luminescent green to being a more muddy variant, almost mossy.

The shoulder plates, gauntlets, and torso armor had all undergone a streamlining process. The shoulder plates were a bit smaller now. The gauntlets had become less of an actual gauntlet and had morphed into a plate over the back of the hand, leaving the fingers free for the most part. The torso armor had split and made new armor plates as well. It provided better maneuverability without sacrificing protection.

John looked it up and down before he equipped it, putting it on slowly, methodically. As soon as he finished, he grabbed his helmet out and brought it up to his face, but right before it came up, a hand came down on the Spartan's shoulder and spun him around.

**\*\*Well, here's your new chapter. It's 3:49 in the morning, and I've had writers block for 4 days. Finally stopped procrastinating and made something of this. Oh well, here's the fourth chapter. Hope you guys like it, just disregard the shortness â€" Great Fox MK3\*\***

## 5. Flashback to Venom

James looked at his son on the other side of the canopy. He hadn't opened it yet, and he could tell the vulpine was a little frustrated with both the wait and that he still hadn't opened it. Looking down, he gave one more glance at the picture of himself, Fox, and his deceased wife, Vixy...the exact same picture Fox kept on the bedside table of his room.

Putting his sunglasses back on, James hit the canopy release button, unsealing it and starting the mechanism that would slowly open the hatch.

When it had fully raised, James stood in the cockpit and then jumped down, landing quietly before slowly turning his head to his left, and finally seeing his son face-to-face once more. Fox didn't say anything, his mouth slightly open. "Well, Fox...it's been quite a long time."

Fox only stared at his father. "I know. You disappeared 12 years ago. Nobody knows what happened...not even Peppy. I saw you on Venom...but nobody else did. I got your message on Sauria, but then I got nothing else. What happened, dad? Where did you go? Why did you hide? Why didn't you let me know you were still alive? Why-"

James held up one gloved hand, cutting his son off in mid-question. "In time, Fox...I'll tell you...but first, I want to say I'm sorry...for not being there all of these past years, for making you think I was dead, for leaving you all alone."

Fox listened, almost awe struck that his father was finally back. "Dad...I forgive you...if you'll just tell me why"

James nodded, leaning against his Arwing's hull. "You know how I got there...and why I got there...now here's the rest of the story..."

\_\*\*(Flashback)\*\*\_

James pressed a few buttons on his control panel, looking back up at the acrid greenish yellow planet of Venom. "Peppy, Pigma, prepare for atmospheric re-entry, set engines to in atmosphere. We're going in"

He got two blinking icons, one red, and one blue. The Star Fox team insignia burned brightly for only a moment before they went out, signifying that the other two members acknowledged the order before they winked back off.

He could see the heat cone forming around the front of his Arwing. The atmosphere had begun. It wouldn't be long now.

"Peppy, have we been detected?" James asked the hare.

"Sensors show that we've been pinged, James...but there's nothing on radar. It's quiet...too quiet" Peppy narrowed his eyes, feeling that something was wrong. "I'm not so sure we should keep going."

Pigma made his presence known as he joined in. "Oh don't be such a wuss, Peppy. We'll be fine" Neither Peppy or James could see the evil grin on the hog's face.

James thought for a moment. He could easily turn back now and return later with a fleet. The Star Fox team was good...but there was no way they'd survive against an entire army, especially not with their current numbers or any support, but there was also the other matter he had to take care of.

"We're continuing with the plan. Put throttle at maximum" The Arwings began to accelerate, finally meeting the upper cloud layer of the toxic planet.

As the craft screamed through the clouds, they eventually emerged into a clearing that spread out in all directions. The brown soil below and the green sky was all they could see.

James checked his radar, seeing a few structures that were at a distance of 50 miles. He turned towards it, the Hare and Hog turning on his wing to stay in formation.

The Star Fox team quickly closed on it, spotting a large opening. It was easily a hundred feet tall, and half as wide. James led his team inside.

The doorway led into a long hallway, stretching on until the only thing they could see were the walls and the void ahead. James heard a ping as something came on radar. It was only one blip, but it was huge.

"You guys getting this?" James asked, wondering what it was. He got two pings on his control panel. They were both getting it too then. James pushed the throttle as he just barely saw dark smudges of movement in the distance, the Arwings rocketing through the cavernous

hallway to meet with the large blip on the radar.

Suddenly, it disappeared. "Does anybody have any problems? That contact just disappeared." James asked, looking around. Suddenly, hundreds of blips appeared on his radar.

The vulpine's eyes went wide behind the aviators. "Abort mission! We're outnumbered-" he was cut off as a laser blast hit his G-diffusers. "What the hell!? Where did that come from!?" He looked behind him. Pigma was closing on his tail, firing a few more times in an attempt to hit his team leader.

"Pigma, what the hell are you doing!?" James knew he could outmaneuver the hog any day...but today was not one of them. He yanked back on the stick, but only began to barrel roll. The G-diffusers being damaged cut his maneuvering down to where he could only roll. James knew he was in trouble.

"Peppy! Pigma's gone rogue and tried to shoot me down. My G-diffusers are damaged and I can't do anything!" He waited for an acknowledgment, but Peppy never responded.

Pigma cut in on the comm line. "Peppy's already been shot down, James. You're gonna join him" The hog said this with a hint of a giggle at the end, to James' horror, he could see the wreckage of an Arwing that had gone into a crash landing. Peppy was just then kicking the canopy off and stumbling out. James saw dozens of armed infantry soldiers closing on him. Peppy looked up at James' Arwing before slowly raising his hands. He was being forced to surrender.

James stared at his cockpit for a moment before looking back at the traitor's Arwing behind him. He opened up one more comm channel to the pig. "You've betrayed us...why?"

The hog snorted at him. "Because Andross pays better than any other job we've ever done. You're getting soft, James...and if I shoot you down, then it'll make things much easier for me in the future."

James slammed his fist into the communicator panel, destroying it before giving one more glare at the swine behind him. He reached down and pulled the ejection handle, popping the canopy off and rocketing after it before he began to fall, a parachute opening above him. The soldiers began to gather beneath the Star Fox Team Leader as he fell towards the ground.

James touched down and was quickly surrounded. He was taken out of the ejection seat and quickly slammed onto his stomach, his hands locked behind his head as he attempted to look up at the traitorous Arwing flying away at high speed, most likely to collect his paycheck.

He was stood up and chained to two burly guards, being led to a door not far away. Two more large guards held Peppy there in the same fashion. James and Peppy's eyes met, both realizing that they had failed.

The two Star Fox members were led inside and down a huge collection of twisting corridors before finally being thrown into a cell,



unchained, and encased inside after a bar of lasers came down to bar their way out of the cell. They wouldn't be able to touch them unless they wanted to lose a few fingers to the high energy output on the bars.

"Peppy..." James started, "I'm sorry...I knew I shouldn't have brought you out here...your wife and daughter need you...and we're stuck here a star system away."

Peppy looked at his team leader. "James, you don't need to apologize to me. I knew this was a possibility when we took the job. I came with you because I knew you couldn't do it alone. The person I'm worried about is Fox. If worse comes to worst, Vivian can take care of our daughter. Fox has lost his mother, and now he's going to lose you? He's only sixteen."

James removed his aviators and sighed, reaching into the left breast pocket of his flight jacket and removing his wallet. Inside, in the center, a picture sat. It was Him, his wife Vixy, and a little baby Fox. The three of them were smiling and happy, and the aviators that always covered James' eyes were nowhere to be seen.

"I know..." James replaced the wallet into his pocket.

Peppy looked at him. "James, we need to get out of here." James returned the stare with his teammate.

"How do you plan on getting us out of here, Peppy? They've got soldiers everywhere, and we've got no knowledge of anything on getting back to where we were or any of the hangars. Even if we could, I doubt either of us can fly the Venomian ships."

Peppy gave a wry smile. "That's what you think, James."

James's frown slowly grew into a smile as he realized what his friend was saying. "Peppy, you sly dog you!"

Peppy gave a "please no applause" type gesture. "Alright, We need to make a plan. They're definitely not going to take us out for lunch at a cafeteria or anything like that. Knowing how high value we are, they'll be bringing us food. Whether they'll have guards or not, we don't know, but we'll study them for a few days and figure out what to do from there."

James nodded. Soon, their plan would be put into action. They waited a week before they decided on what to do. An hour before the guards came, they went through it one more time. "Alright, they've always come with only one guard and the food carriers. When you get the food, flip it into the carriers face and I'll grab the guard and take him out. Try not to let either of them make any noise or grab their gun or radio. Got it?"

James nodded once more. "You'd make a great General, Peppy." Peppy only smiled a bit.

The hour passed and, right on time, the guard and the food came. James stood to go to the bars and get the food. The bars were deactivated and the guard kept his gun at his side. Peppy waited to lunge.

Once James had taken one of the trays, he turned around as if he was going to take it to Peppy, and then spun on his heel and slammed the tray into the carrier's face.

The guard was caught in a relaxed state and as he fumbled for his blaster, Peppy lunged and managed to tackle him into a wall, the two beginning to wrestle for the blaster.

James kept his hand over the carrier's mouth. He was a young chameleon, couldn't have been more than twenty. "If you scream, I'll kill you." He slowly began to remove his hand from the chameleon's mouth.

As James had expected, he immediately began to scream, but only a second got out before James quickly grabbed him and snapped his neck. He turned around and saw Peppy and the guard still wrestling for the blaster. It had been knocked away and James quickly moved to grab it.

Peppy brought his fist back and then drove it into the ape's face, knocking him out cold. He stood up, out of breath.

James was a little amazed. "Geez Peppy...for someone pushing fifty, you're pretty strong."

Peppy gave yet another grin at the praise he was getting. "Thanks, but we can't worry about that now. We've got to get to a hangar, search the other guard for a map or something."

James did as his teammate asked him, managing to find a Palm reader. "Peppy! I got something!"

The hare stood up, a combat knife in his hand. "So did I." He walked to his team leader, looking at the palm reader.

James opened a map on it. It was a map to the cell block. A hangar was on the far edge of the screen, meaning it was about a mile away. "We've got a way to go Peppy...you think you can make it?"

The hare nodded, getting the combat knife ready. "I'm good to go if you can keep up."

James smiled a bit. "So this is a competition now? Fair enough, I'll take point. Let's go!" James and his friend started running down the hallway, James giving directions as they went. Not long after they started, an alarm started blaring, and red lights started flashing. "We've been found out!" James yelled, trying to be heard over the alarms.

Peppy was huffing not far behind the vulpine. "How much farther do we have to go before the hangar?"

James looked back down at the pad. "Almost there! 50 more meters! Push it old man!" The two started sprinting, giving it their all. James burst through the door to the hangar, blaster at the ready.

As the door parted, he saw three soldiers guarding a single Venomian "Dagger" fighter. James quickly brought his arm back and side armed the palm reader, hitting one of the guards in the head and putting him out of action. He brought the pistol to bear and hit one of the

other guards in the chest, downing him as well.

James felt the trigger jam. The battery had come lose and wouldn't allow him to fire. The guard took aim at James and began to pull the trigger.

James heard a grunt as Peppy came from behind him, the blade of the combat knife between his fingers as he threw it.

Everything began to slow down. The guard backed his eye from the blaster rifle's stock. The knife left Peppy's fingers and began to slowly flip through the air, going end over end as it closed in on the guard. The soldier started to try to scramble away and duck, but was too late, and the knife slowly sheathed itself in his temple, going through his helmet and skull and killing him instantly.

James looked at Peppy, amazed. The hare only moved to the fighter. "James...this fighter's a single seater..." The hare looked back at his team leader, but James was already reaching down and grabbing the blaster rifle off of the guard, making sure the battery was in place and charged before fixing the pistol's battery and holstering it. They could both hear feet running through the halls, closing on the hanger.

James put his aviators back on. "Peppy, get out of here, go back to your family, and make sure they're alright. I'll be fine...and Peppy?" The hare looked at his old friend, already knowing what he was planning and what he was going to say. "...take care of Fox for me...now go! Get out of here!"

Peppy knew better than to waste the opportunity James was giving him. He jumped into the fighter's cockpit and started the engines. He quickly lifted off, blaster bolts grazing the wings and fuselage.

James saw the hare's ship fly out of the hangar, and turned back to the approaching army and lifted his blaster rifle, depressing the trigger, and spraying blaster bolts everywhere. The approaching soldiers took cover. Every time one of them popped out, James would quickly sight him and pull the trigger, taking one more soldier out of the fight.

Eventually, his rifle died, and he flung it away, ripping the pistol he had out of his waistband and firing pot shots at the soldiers once more.

Predictably, it died as well, and James threw it, clunking another in the head. He looked down and took the combat knife Peppy had thrown out of the soldier on the ground. He shook the blood off of the blade and stood in a fighting stance. He was ready to take them all on.

One of the soldiers raised from cover and shot, hitting James in the chest. It had only been a stun round, but it was enough to knock the wind from his lungs and the vulpine from his feet.

They quickly surrounded him and brought him back to his cell, this time posting a guard at the ready at all times in heavy armor.

James wouldn't try another escape route until Venom was attacked two

years later in the First Lylat Wars.

\_\*\*(Present Day)\*\*\_

"...and that's it. That's the story of what happened when I was shot down. I escaped once again when you attacked Venom. Almost everybody was called out to fight the new Star Fox team. That's how I knew Peppy had gotten back safely, and how you had become a man. The four of you managed to single-handedly cripple the planet's defenses and it's ruler. I managed to get back to the same hanger from before and saw Pigma's old Arwing. By then he had transferred to Star Wolf and the Wolfen, so it was perfect for me. By the time I got up and flying, I scanned the tunnels where Andross's main base was and flew in after you. I barely managed to avoid the detection equipment of the Great Fox and the rest of the Arwings. By the time I got there, you had just delivered the killing blow. That's when I came up and blocked your view of the explosion for a second. It allowed you to see where I was and get your bearings. Then you know how that turned out. I dove away when we got out because I couldn't bare to face you after two long years...and it seems those two years turned into twelve more...I'm sorry Fox."

Fox looked at his father. The older Fox honestly looked as if he hated himself for not revealing himself to his son at any point other than farfetched messages over the years.

Fox moved to his father and embraced the older vulpine. James felt this and was shocked for a moment, before realizing that his son had forgiven him, and returned the hug, holding his son for the first time in fourteen years.

James continued to mutter, "I'm sorry...I'm sorry..." over and over. Fox eventually pulled away from his father and quieted the older vulpine. He gave a faint smile at his father, who eventually began to smile back.

"It's alright dad...I'm just glad you finally came back...but you've missed so much...and I have a few things to tell you." James tilted his head, a bit puzzled. Fox's smile grew much more at this. "You're going to be a grandfather."

James' face was blank as he processed it, but once he had, he fainted.

\_\*\*(Transition)\*\*\_

Krystal giggled a bit. She had witnessed everything from Fox's mind. She was surprised at what had happened to her lover's father over the course of those many years. Fox also wasn't lying about him being a grandfather. The day those months ago that she had pushed Fox out of bed was the morning that their son had been conceived. She reached down to rub her stomach. A small bump was forming and she could feel the beginnings of the tiny cub inside of her through her telepathic link to most living things within a certain distance.

The vixen only continued to giggle at the mental images she was receiving from Fox's mind of him trying to shake James awake once more, whilst continuing to rub her slowly forming bump.

\*\*Well, it took longer than I wanted...but here's chapter 5. I got

writers block again, and then I managed to get out James's escape from Venom and what happened while he was imprisoned. Hope you guys enjoyed it...and what about the bomb drop at the end? I thought I did pretty good with that. It allowed me to get the "baby being born" out without making it look stupid and out of place. Either way, this chapter has focused mainly on Fox's side of the story. Right now, I've gotten three branches. The Fox branch, the Wolf branch, and the John 117 Branch. Let's see how it all plays out. As always, leave me a review, they're what motivate me to keep writing! - Great Fox  
MK3\*\*

## 6. Assault on the Citadel

\*\*Alright, sorry for being so late with the update. Writers block sucks. On to the next chapter boobos\*\*

\*\*Spartan 117 Residence â€" 6:30 AM\*\*

John was spun around, trying to find the owner of the hand that was on his shoulder. Even his ultra sensitive hearing hadn't heard a door open or footsteps. He turned to see Cortana grinning at him. "You're up early" She said.

John exhaled, forgetting that he had been holding his breath. "How did you sneak up on me like that?"

"There's no way of saying this, but either way, I'm not revealing my secrets~" Cortana crooned at her lover.

John rolled his eyes. "Riiiiiggghhhttt...What I'm also wondering is why you're up so early."

Cortana shrugged. "I felt you get out of bed. I do every morning...I just haven't gotten up until today. It's not easy to miss a 200 pound mass of muscle and scars get off of a mattress, you know."

John sighed, rolling his eyes once more. "Fair enough." He moved closer to her, giving her a quick kiss before putting his helmet on and sealing it. His visor depolarized to let her continue looking at him. "I'll be back later. You remember that the house the Star Fox team stays in is just down the street. I'm sure somebody will be there if you need anything." He picked up a small electronic device, looking much like a watch, and gave it to her. "I got you a new communicator as well. It's been programmed by Slippery, the little green toad mechanic, to link directly to my suit if you need me."

Cortana smiled softly, placing her fingertips on the visor. "You know...I miss being in there. Always with you no matter what...but things have changed."

Her lover smiled back at her, reaching up and taking her hand, rubbing his gauntleted thumb over the back of it gently. "I know...it's no fun anymore without that dry wit of yours to keep me focused. Now who am I gonna get to tell me where to go?"

Cortana laughed at the joke. "Whatever, get out of here and do your thing so you can be back here sooner."

John grinned at her and gave her hand a very gentle squeeze before turning and leaving Cortana to her thoughts. She sat back down on her bed just as the door to their house closed and a vehicle roared to life outside. John had been forced to keep a military warthog for when he wore his armor due to the weight making several other vehicles impossible to use. The chaingun in the back had been removed, however, due to concerns from civilians.

She laid back in her bed, not going to sleep. She just sat laid there and stared at the ceiling. Eventually, she decided to get up and get dressed.

Once she had finished, she grabbed one of the house keys and walked out the door, locking it behind her as she made her way towards the Star Fox residence.

\_(\*\*(Transition)\*\*)\_

\*\*(Corneria Air Force Base, Hospital â€" 7 AM\*\*

Wolf locked his car and turned to the large hospital in front of him. He looked up at the window to the room where Olivia and his newborn daughter were probably still sleeping. It was several floors up.

The Major took longer strides than usual. Some people still hadn't gotten used to seeing the leader of Star Wolf, and quickly vacated the eye patch wearing lupine. Wolf went straight to the elevator and punched in a number. It took several seconds before it got to where he wanted to be. He stepped out, turned left, and headed for the room Olivia was in. On the way there, he heard a familiar voice. It was a male. He heard it from somewhere before, but couldn't place his finger on it. He stopped, looking for the source. It was in the next open room on his right. He heard a baby cry as well.

Wolf stepped forward and peeked in, hearing the voice again, and this time seeing it's source. It was the dog from when Wolf had been waiting for Amber to be born, Bryce Pendle. He knocked lightly on the entrance to the room. The dog looked over at him, a small smile on his face. "Can I come in?" Wolf asked, a bit hesitantly.

The dog nodded, half of his attention on the Major, and half on his newborn son. Wolf smiled a bit and held his hand out. Bryce took it and shook. "Let me congratulate you on your son, Lieutenant."

Bryce smiled a bit more. "Thank you, sir...his name is William." He let his free hand go back to the pup, who grabbed his hand and began gripping one of the fingers.

Wolf smiled again and finally looked over at the mother, Bryce's wife. She was a dog as well, but had black fur. And green eyes, contrasting Bryce's own tan fur, but his eyes matched his wife's well enough. Wolf stuck his hand out, gingerly clasping the female's hand. "Wolf O'Donnell, and congratulations on the son."

The female smiled back at him. "I'm Robin, Bryce's wife." Wolf noticed that she looked exhausted. Of course, it was a given, considering she had just given birth the day before. This only made the Major think more of his wife and daughter.

Wolf shook their hands and congratulated them once more before seeing

himself out, making his way to the room his family was in. He peeked in, seeing Olivia asleep, but Amber was gurgling happily to herself.

The lupine smiled and walked over, putting a hand in the bed to stroke the pup's head with his thumb. This only made Amber croon and squeal with delight. She may only have been a newborn with no real understanding of anything whatsoever, but she knew who her father was.

Behind Wolf, Olivia slowly opened her eyes, hearing the squeals of her daughter. She looked over, seeing Wolf's back, but knowing he was playing with their daughter to some extent. She smiled, making herself known. "Good morning, Wolf. I see you didn't waste any time getting to know her."

Wolf turned around, but left his hand in reach of his daughter, who was gripping at it with her tiny hands. "I didn't know you were awake."

The snow white husky grinned. "I actually just woke up. How long have you been here?"

"About 5 minutes" Wolf responded. "Have they said when they would be releasing you? I'd rather just wake up and see you than have to fight through traffic. Next time, I'm just coming in the Wolfen. If I have to come by car again, I'll probably kill someone." Wolf said, indicating that heavy traffic was not something he liked.

Olivia chuckled a bit. "I'm being released some time today...would you like to keep me company until then?"

Wolf gave a toothy grin, pulling a chair up beside her bed. His answer was already marked on his face. "I dunno, maybe if you say please."

Olivia rolled her eyes. "Please stay with me?"

Wolf nodded, taking her hand. "Yeah, I'll stay." He took a small controller off of her bedside table, pressing a button and opening the shutters to show Solar just rising to be shown completely over the horizon line.

\_(\*\*(Transition)\*\*)\_

\*\*(Star Fox Household)\*\*

Fox put the phone down, turning to Krystal. "That was General Pepper. He has a job for me."

Krystal raised an eyebrow, indicating that she'd rather tell him why than probe his mind for it. James sat just a few meters away, having woken up after the bomb drop earlier that day. Even inside, he still wore his sunglasses, and listened carefully.

"You remember the Aparoid invasion of Fortuna? It's been decided that we're to eliminate them. They were stalled out there, and it's contained, but the Cornerian armada can't do anything about it. They don't wanna risk stretching themselves so thin after starting to rebuild. They also decided that the UNSC and Sangheilli forces won't

be called upon. They don't wanna owe any favors. Falco, myself, and Damon will launch tonight."

Krystal's ears fattened against her head. "Why can't he just hire another mercenary squadron? It's always us that get stuck with the odd jobs."

Fox hugged her, attempting to relax her. "It's fine, Krystal. The team can handle it. We've got three of the best pilots in the system. We'll be finished and back within a few days."

Krystal growled a bit, voicing her disapproval, but knowing that Fox had a point.

"Fox" the vulpine turned to the source of the voice, his father now standing up. "Let me join you." The older vulpine stared at his son, the look on his face almost begging him to allow him to tag along. "Take your three man formation and make it a four. I can help."

Fox thought for a moment before hesitantly giving his answer. "Yeah...alright dad."

James smiled a bit. "Thank you, Fox."

Fox nodded, kissing Krystal's forehead. "We'll be back soon, alright? I love you."

Krystal sighed, hugging him tightly once more. "I love you too...stay safe."

Fox gave her a toothy grin. "Trust me, I'll be fine. Don't worry about it. We'll be well within the com range for the Great Fox to give us a signal back. I'll call you, alright?"

Krystal nodded, letting go as Fox and James left, the two vulpines getting into Fox's car, beginning the journey to the Air Force base and stopping just outside the large hangar where the Great Fox was stored. Falco was already waiting there, and Damon was just arriving as well. Once all of them had joined up, Falco and Damon looked a bit confused.

Falco spoke up. "Uhh...Fox, I thought it was just us three. Who's this guy?" Damon cocked his head to the side, as if he was thinking the exact same thing.

Fox smiled a bit. "Falco, Damon, this is James McCloud, my father."

Falco's eyes went wide. "But...I...what...how?" The avian continued to stutter in disbelief. He now knew that he was going to have to be careful if he wanted to remain the top pilot on this mission. Fox and Damon were already close enough to him, but he had never witnessed the older McCloud's flying.

Damon stepped forward, offering his hand to James. "James McCloud, I thought you were dead."

James took it and shook. "A lot of people did...but I'm not. Are you ready for this, General?"



Damon grinned and nodded. "I should be asking you the same. I've heard that being dead isn't the best way to keep your skills sharp."

The two old foxes laughed. Fox decided to make this known as well: "Dad? You should know this. Damon is Krystal's father."

James looked back at the black vulpine. "Alright. That only makes this competition better." He smirked at the black vulpine. "Try to keep up."

With that, the slightly amused Fox, the two competitive fathers, and the still awe struck Falco "who was finally keeping his beak shut for once" entered the Great Fox.

Once they arrived on the bridge, they found ROB readying preparations for launch. Peppy was not there like he had been during the war.

Fox sat down in the commander's chair, Damon taking a seat at weapons, Falco sitting by a window, and James sitting next to his son. "ROB, plot course for Beltino Orbital Gate, and open up a communications line with them."

ROB did as he was told, the view screen remaining blank for a few moments before it was answered by General Pepper himself.

Fox, Damon, and Falco stood and saluted, waiting until Pepper returned it to sit back down. James was a little confused. "Fox" he whispered to his son. "Since when have we saluted military officers?"

Fox sighed. "I'll explain later." He turned his attention back to the General. "This is the Star Fox team, requesting a gate to Fortuna."

Pepper nodded, pointing at somebody off screen and ordering them to open the gate. While the Great Fox moved towards where the gate was slowly forming, Pepper gave a mission briefing. "Alright. Fox, you know the mission. Aparoids are in the bases on the ground. Oikonny's forces fled as soon as he was shot down. Some made it out, but the vast majority have been infected, and are now patrolling the planet. I want you in there. Take back those bases and activate the defenses. If you manage to invade the Citadel on the Terran continent, you'll be able to remotely activate them for every base and save a lot of time...but it's heavily defended. I leave the choice up to you, Fox. Your gate is ready. Good luck. Pepper out"

The screen went black again as the Great Fox traveled into the gate, disappearing from the space over Corneria.

\_(3 hours later)\_

\*\*Space over Fortuna, Great Fox Command Center\*\*

"ROB, unlock the Arwings. I want to launch in 5 minutes. Give me stats on the planet." Fox said, giving ROB his orders.

The Great Fox had just exited the gate, and despite being so far away, they could already see the influence of the Aparoids on the planet. Places that had a base were covered in a thick purple

coating, and the general area of the Citadel was a large mass of the same purple substance.

The team members heard what ROB had to say and looked at each other, even Falco looking concerned.

Fox stood up. "Alright. Vote on it. Do we attack the citadel full force? Or do we go base by base?"

The team members thought for a moment before they decided an assault on the Citadel would be the best bet.

Fox nodded. "Alright. Let's go!" He turned and ran off of the bridge, his team quickly realizing that it was time to launch and chasing after him. It wasn't long before they arrived at the hanger bay, four Arwings set up and awaiting pilots.

The four quickly jumped into the Arwings, starting the engines and checking everything. Fox went over it both to himself and the others. "Communications line: Green. Adjust G-diffuser output."

ROB watched the checklist get counted off. Once he was satisfied that they were ready, he typed in a few commands. "Lift lock: released." As he did this, the catwalks that allowed them access to the cockpits backed away. Seconds later, the Arwings were launched into space by a catapult, quickly pulling themselves into tight rolls to unlock their wings from storage mode.

Once they had formed up, Fox set a destination marker for the team: Right in the center of the large purple mass coating the Citadel. "We go in fast and low. I wanna enter the atmosphere and be on the treetops 30 miles from the center." His team sent acknowledgment lights.

They had a few minutes before they entered Fortuna's atmosphere, which gave them all time to think. None of them said anything. Damon, however, could pick up the thoughts of all of them. When he probed their minds for hesitation or anything that would throw them off, he took notes of them. Fox was thinking about Krystal, but not so much as it would make him unfocused. Falco wasn't thinking almost at all, having entered a state of mind that would allow him to fly his best in this next fight. He also sensed a bit of competitiveness. He finally tried James, but when he did, he got nothing. James had an impressive mental barrier.

Soon enough, they breached the top of Fortuna's atmosphere, cones of fire spreading across the noses of the Arwings.

Fox chimed in. "Alright, take it in fast and low, I want radio silence from this point on. Damon, monitor for anything that might ambush us." He got three acknowledgment lights, Damon's blinking twice to signify he copied both orders.

They quickly dropped to treetop level, scaring several flocks of birds almost immediately. The air grew to be a hazy purplish color the closer they got to the infected areas. Fox felt a little bit more of a tug on his controls. The air was thicker here as well. He sent a thought to Damon. He responded with a wink of his console light. He was feeling it too, so Falco and James must have been getting the same things.

Several more minutes passed, a large fortified building growing larger in the distance. It was the Citadel, but instead of the normal gray Cornerian steel design, it had become a dark purple, covered in glowing lines of what might have been energy, looking like veins. They were protruding from several large flower like lumps, as if they were tumors.

Suddenly, several large swarms of Aparoids emerged from the base, heading straight for the four Arwings

Fox turned his comm back on, giving the order: "Star Fox, radio silence is now ineffective. All wings, break!" As if on cue, they all throttled up to the maximum, James coming from the back of the formation and flying over Fox. When he did, Fox noticed his G-Diffusers splitting and two heavy laser cannons emerging. He opened fire, red lasers flooding from the cannons and annihilating several distant Aparoids.

Falco broke left, flying away, almost as if he was fleeing the battle. The Aparoids decided to pursue him, a swarm beginning to tail the avian. Once he was sure he had achieved a good amount of followers, he started to push controls this way and that, his Arwing's engines cutting out and allowing him to fly on his own momentum alone. His G-Diffusers flared and his Arwing was turned around, leaving him flying backwards. The avian braced himself and time began to slow down as the swarm closed in. He grabbed the throttle and pushed it back to the max, flattening him against his seat. He opened fire, twin green lasers flaring beneath his wings. He began to pull into a roll, still firing like a madman. Several Aparoids were hit and burst into flames, but the rest returned fire. Falco had anticipated this before he rolled, knowing that the roll would both activate his deflection system and make him harder to hit.

Across the sky, Damon screamed through the air, chasing after a large Aparoid and hitting it in the side with a well placed laser beam. It started belching smoke and shrapnel, spiraling out of control into another Aparoid, killing both. Damon tried to read it's thoughts, but there was nothing. It was a Cornerian drone that had been infected. "Fox, they've infected the base's vehicles and weapons, I'm assuming. I just shot down a heavy interceptor drone."

Fox tried to focus on the Aparoid he was tailing. "Copy that." He spiraled this way and that, trying not to get hit by any stray lasers. Eventually, he got it in his cross hairs, jamming down the firing studs and grinning in satisfaction as it was hit and quickly lost altitude. "Fox to team, we've got Cornerian drones in this mix." The team sent their lights in.

Fox looked over at the Citadel just in time to see another swarm. It was twice as large as the first. This made Fox worry. "Guys, we've got another swarm, helluva lot this time. Fall back, I've got an idea."

The team began retreating, staying far away from each other, giving them maximum maneuverability as Fox opened a channel to the Great Fox. "ROB, get the Great Fox down here. We're bringing a few guests to the party. I want the cannons ready."

ROB acknowledged, firing the Dreadnaught's engines and quickly entering the atmosphere, managing to get to the trees in minutes. The ship was 30 miles from the team, and it was waiting, charging it's main cannons.

Fox brought them in. "Close it up, it's about to get hot." He saw the Great Fox in the distance, and on his radar, he saw four tiny green blips, and several hundred, if not thousands, of red blips behind them.

He waited until they got a bit closer before giving another order. "Break! ROB, fire, \_now!\_" The team broke off, but the Aparoids didn't follow. They saw the dreadnaught and immediately focused on it, hoping to take this new prize home.

This was the last thing they would do. The dreadnaught fired, twin golden beams firing from beneath the bridge. The Aparoids that were the first to be hit were vaporized instantly, the beams flashing through the swarm and leaving a trail of destruction and a large rift in the forest floor, easily twenty meters deep, and it went on for several miles.

The team watched the destruction unfold. As the lasers slowly powered down, the Great Fox's engines came back to life. ROB had diverted most of the ship's power to that blast. Fox was impressed, hearing Falco cut in. "Damn...Slippy wasn't kidding when he said he brought her up to twice her original power. Would have been a great help in Area 6."

Fox looked on in silent agreement. "That should be most of them. The base should be easy to take now...ROB, move the Great Fox in to just outside of the main gun's maximum range. I want fire support if things go south again."

The Great Fox's engines roared, the flames from the massive engines growing to a deep purple as it began accelerating. The team formed up, one above each of the four wings. Fox looked at it, but noticed something different. Two small turrets and a band of steel were on the dorsal fin of the ship. He guessed the turrets were point defense, but he didn't know about the band. He would find out soon enough.

As Star Fox began closing in on the Citadel once more, the Great Fox stopped, holding position where he had told it to. The four pilots flew closer and closer, but no swarms came out. Fox looked at his team. He started manipulating his G-Diffusers, slowing the ship down and bringing it to a hover, the other pilots following his lead.

"I dunno about this...it's way too quiet after that." Fox said. He could tell Damon was a bit concerned, and even Falco was eerily quiet.

James slowly edged forward, managing to get his cockpit even with his son's. "Fox, remember what I told you...trust your instincts."

Fox looked at his father for a second before slowly nodding. "Alright. Find a hanger entrance and we'll go in from there. This place is huge, so we'll need transportation inside." He opened a comm to the Great Fox. "ROB. We're going in. When I give the coordinates, I want two Landmasters sent in to us."

Without waiting for the robot, he gunned his thrusters, his team following close behind as he turned and entered a hanger, landing inside and exiting their ships. Each of them pulled the weapon they had brought along out of their cargo bays. Fox had a machine gun type blaster, James had a shotgun of sorts, Falco shouldered a rocket launcher, and Damon sighted through his sniper rifle. They were ready.

Moments passed after Fox sent ROB the coordinates before they saw two bright lights, two of the Star Fox team's custom Landmaster tanks appearing. Fox grinned. "Damon, you and Falco get one, Dad and I'll get the other one."

The two teams split and got into their respective Landmasters. One would be the gunner, one would be the driver. The tanks were made to be operated by one person, but two could be used to ease the work load a bit.

The two tanks, once situated, left the hangar, Fox and James in front with Falco and Damon bringing up the rear. Fox heard Falco complaining. "Stuffing me in a tank..."

Fox smirked to himself. "What's wrong Falco? Can't handle the power?"

The avian rolled his eyes, firing off a comeback. "I prefer the sky any day, It'd be better if you had Slippy down here."

Fox smiled to himself as they pushed deeper into the Citadel, the team quickly growing tired of the purple walls and floors. They pushed on, however, with no signs of resistance. It took several minutes to get to the control center. When they did, they disembarked and pressed a small chip into one of the main consoles. It was something they had been given to give control of the base to an automated file in the chip.

The defense systems activated and the Aparoid cells were very quickly purged, the purple colors fading away in seconds. Still, there was no resistance. Falco broke the silence. "I guess we blew 'em all away...Now what'll we do for fun?"

>Fox turned and held a finger up. "Shut it Falco. Every time you say something like that, it jinxes us and they start coming out of the woodwork."<p>

The avian gave a smirk, but kept his beak shut.

Once they had finished uploading the program, they went back to their Landmasters to begin the long trek back to their Arwings, still no resistance. Fox frowned a bit, but kept his mouth shut. James was in the back, swiveling the turret this way and that in case anything jumped out.

They made it back to their ships without any incident and got I, powering up their engines and lifting off.

Suddenly, a loud pinging noise and a growing alarm warbled at them. Fox looked at his radar. There were four small green blips, a tiny blank area where nothing was, and then a sea of solid red. So many enemy signatures that there were no spaces between them.

Fox's mouth dropped open. "All ships, on my command, engage maximum thrust and get the hell out of here!" He opened a channel to ROB. "Come in closer, I need a path cleared to get out of here!"

Falco felt the need to chime in. "Geez, what'd they do, mobilize the Aparoids from every base on the planet?!"

Fox felt the area begin to rumble and looked to his left. In the distance twin flares of solid gold flashed, and started beaming at them. The Great Fox had depleted it's energy in an attempt to clear some of them away. Fox gave the command just as the rear of the Aparoid formation was hit. "Go!"

All four ships hit the thrust, rocketing off towards the newly created hole that the cannons had blew. Fox gave ROB more orders. "ROB, once you regain power, turn the ship around. Once we get within two thousand meters, put everything into the engines and rear shields."

The small team screamed through the hole, lasers flying this way and that, with a few hitting Falco and Damon., Fox hearing both of them curse when their shields went down a bit.

It seemed like an eternity of flying and dodging before they saw the Great Fox. Once they got within the perimeter that Fox had told ROB to establish, they saw the engines come online. Fox entered the rear hanger bay, followed closely by Falco, Damon, and James.

The doors shut immediately behind them, and the Great Fox accelerated even further. Fox gave one more command. "ROB, in-atmosphere warp, now!"

He felt the Dreadnaught rumble wildly as the engines engaged full power. ROB's monotone came over the hanger speakers. "Sealing bulkheads. Warping in 3...2...1...Warp."

The ship opened a bright green gate, accelerating into it and disappearing as it closed. The effects of the in-atmosphere warp were felt moments later. Trees directly below it were crushed, and those surrounding the area within a five mile radius were blown away. The Aparoids that had been following were obliterated by the after effects of the warp.

` The team breathed a sigh of relief. Fox led them back to the bridge. "ROB. Can we get a status report in the warp?"  
>The robot attempted to check, but got blank figures. "I'm sorry, Fox, but we cannot. I will check again when we have arrived at Corneria. The trip will take approximately three hours."<p>

Fox sighed and sat back down in the command chair. "Let's hope that did the job."

\*\*Well, longest chapter in book 2. Took me forever, writers block and all, but then I just got the idea out of nowhere. Oh well, 8 pages after I started, hope you enjoyed it guys. - Great Fox MK3\*\*

\*\*Hey guys, I've been thinking a lot lately...but what would you guys think if I went back and rewrote this? Made it revolve more around Star Fox, and by more...I mean completely. I dunno...I'd like to see you guys's opinions on this thought. I mean, if you guys don't want me to, we'll continue on like this, but if you want me to change it to be what it originally was supposed to be, I'd like to know, because I'm kind of falling off the halo train of thought...so just tell me what you guys think. - Great Fox MK3\*\*

## 8. Chapter 8

\*\*Alright. The Omega Chronicles is getting a second wind. I decided to cut Halo out of the equation and make this a full on Star Fox story. I don't know why, I just feel as if the Halo was out of my forte. Anyway, I'm gonna be rewriting this completely. The old version is still going to be up, but I don't think I'll be updating it anymore. If anybody wants to try and finish it, then be my guest, just message me first and at least give me a sample of how you write so I can determine if I'm letting it into good hands.\*\*

End  
file.